

# The Mind's Eye

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NORTH ADAMS STATE COLLEGE

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- |                       |   |  |
|-----------------------|---|--|
| W. Anthony Gengarelly | 2 | LIBERAL REUNION<br>Sacco-Vanzetti revisited in the light of<br>Governor Michael Dukakis's Proclamation<br>of August 26                             |
| William G. Seeley     | 3 | THE NATIONAL ENERGY PICTURE<br>Nifty overview of our energy needs from<br>now to 2000, and a summary of President<br>Carter's National Energy Plan |
| Ellen Schiff          | 5 | MY SUMMER VACATION<br>Eloquent diary of nine days in the<br>summer of '77  |

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## VERSE

- |                |   |          |
|----------------|---|----------|
| Michael Haines | 7 | Sodom II |
|----------------|---|----------|

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## REVIEWS

- |              |   |                                       |
|--------------|---|---------------------------------------|
|              | 3 | Enigmatic Ireland                     |
|              | 6 | Cape Cod's Water                      |
| Sarah Clarke | 7 | <u>Newsweek</u> Watch                 |
|              | 8 | IN BRIEF<br>Gatherings from the press |

- 
- |  |   |                  |
|--|---|------------------|
|  | 8 | The Contributors |
|--|---|------------------|
- 

INVITATION III. In the first two issues of The Mind's Eye (April and May) invitations went forth for contributions. They are hereby extended again. The Mind's Eye is an instrument of communication through which faculty, administrators, and students can talk to each other in a special way. Your research, comment, reflections, reviews, poetry, fiction are solicited.



were up to 2 quads, and this year we will use 73 quads. At this rate of increase we will need 200 quads per year by the year 2000. Because there simply is not enough energy in conventional sources to meet this need, something drastic must be done. If we slow our growth to the rate which the National Academy of Sciences predicts, we will need 170 quads by the year 2000 in order to maintain the present ratio of energy to Gross National Product. This is still more energy than we can draw from present sources. In other words, at our projected rate of growth we will not make it to the year 2000. The National Energy Plan addresses this problem.

The primary aspect of the Federal Program is energy conservation: If we impose the strictest conservation measures, and project a very optimistic result, we can save 65 quads per year. This reduces the need to 105 quads per year by 2000 (a short 23 years away), 32 quads, or about 45%, more than we use now. Finding the source of this extra 32 quads represents the problem.

Oil presently provides 30 quads per year (half from abroad, at a cost of 32 billion dollars; and the price will surely increase). Present projections are that we may be able to hold this contribution to total energy supply constant through 2000, and that, with the aid of increased domestic production, we can keep our imports at their current level. Natural gas provides 23 quads, but by 2000 this will be down to 15 quads. Hydroelectric provides 3 quads (perhaps 5 quads by 2000). Coal provides 14 quads and nuclear 2.5. The balance is from geothermal, which will not increase to a significant amount. Nuclear plants presently planned will provide (if they are built) another 7 or 8 quads. Taking all of this into consideration and assuming solar heat supplements for 20 million homes, we will be a very conservative 26 quads short of projected needs. For comparison, the "energy crisis" of 1973 and the subsequent recession resulted from about a one-quad shortfall; and the recent winter gas shortage which resulted in over 1 million layoffs was due to a shortage of much less than one quad.

This is the picture. The task is to fill the 26 quad gap. There are several possibilities. We can build three or four hundred nuclear plants (as it takes about 15 years to get a

plant on line, we had better start soon). Or we can use our abundant coal reserves. To solve our problem this way will take six to eight hundred new coal fields along with the corequisite transportation systems and generating plants. Or we can just change our life style. But this means giving up such things as health standards and medical care, early retirement, old age security, and leisure time. (Mild discomfort just won't do) What about solar energy? Remember we're talking about the next 23 years. The technology is there, but the cost is high: the 20 million homes mentioned earlier would require an added investment of nearly \$100 billion at current prices. Advanced solar systems, breeder reactors, fusion reactors, and hydrogen based systems are all long range (after 2000) probabilities; and the last two have not yet demonstrated technical feasibility.

So we need a plan to meet the oncoming situation. The present federal plan (passed without crippling changes by the House of Representatives, and just now being worked over by the Senate) offers these solutions:

Gasoline: If reduced consumption targets are not met, a \$.50 per gallon tax will be imposed by 1989. (Dropped by the House.)

Heavy penalties for gas-guzzlers; rebates for high mpg cars. (Rebates dropped by the House.)

Crude Oil: Domestic oil price raised to world level. (Price rises via taxes would revert back to consumers.)

Natural Gas: Prices equalized nationwide to \$1.75 per 1000 cubic feet.

Coal Conversion: A 10% credit for industries converting to coal; a tax of \$.90 to \$3.00 per bbl. of oil for not converting.

Home Insulation: A 25% personal tax credit for the first \$800 spent on home insulation; a 15% credit for the next \$1,400.

Solar Energy: A 40% tax credit for the first \$1,000 spent on solar devices, and 25% credit for the next \$6,400.



The National Energy Plan is contained in over 100 pages of text published by the Executive Office of the President, Energy Policy and Planning, and lists goals for 1985 as:

- \* reduce the annual growth of total energy to below two percent.
- \* reduce gasoline consumption 10 percent below its current level.
- \* reduce oil imports from a potential level of 16 million barrels per day to 6 million.
- \* establish a strategic petroleum reserve of 1 billion barrels.
- \* increase coal production by two-thirds, to more than one billion tons per year.
- \* bring 90 percent of existing American homes, and all new buildings, up to minimum energy efficiency standards.
- \* use solar energy in more than 2½ million homes.

It remains to be seen if these goals can be met. The growing consensus is that, even if the goals are met, it will not be nearly enough.

To look further:

The National Energy Plan. Washington, D.C.: U.S. Government Printing Office, 1977.

Bueche, A. M. "The Hard Truth about Our Energy Future." Washington Conference on Energy. Reprinted in G. E. News, 8 July 1977, Pittsfield, Mass.

"Energy" and "The Nations" sections, Time, April 4, 25, May 2, August 15, 1977.

Technology Review. Almost every issue has a significant article on energy-related matters.

### MY SUMMER VACATION

Ellen Schiff

May 25, 1977. The first indication that the Electric Prunes are about to usurp the role usually played in our lives by the Julliard

String Quartet comes as I help our sophomore unpack the car. "Please note," he announces triumphantly, "that I didn't bring home any dirty laundry." "True," I respond, checking the urge to inquire what had been on those clothes that I wasn't supposed to see. He answers the unasked, "That was to make room for my albums." As we carry in our son's record collection, I am impressed, and for several reasons. Chief among these is my ignorance of the dozens and dozens of artists reverently collected by this kid who is neither fooled nor amused by my suggestions that Jim Croce might be a descendant of Benedetto and that Boz Scaggs is surely a fan of Dickens. I am also struck by the extent of what he insists amounts only to a bare bones collection of the mere essentials for mood music and studying. In my day, those requirements were met by "Stardust" and odd numbered symphonies of Beethoven. Eager to respond to my evident bewilderment, the prodigal son promises to play his albums loud enough so I can hear 'em, no matter where I am. Before I can phrase a gracious demurral, he has re-installed all his sound equipment and is making good his offer.

June 6. It is suddenly quiet. The kid has gone to pick up his sister at her school. It takes me three hours to prepare their favorite dinner: an hour of actual preparation, two hours of explaining into the phone, "She's expected about dinner time. Why don't I have her call you back around 8?" She arrives with bags and bags and bags of laundry ("But, Mommy, I couldn't give back this borrowed stuff when it's all pitted out"). Also a stereo and a more modest collection of albums. Her Vivaldi, his Earth, Wind and Fire, and the telephone, which rings instantly the second the receiver is replaced in its cradle, furnish dinner music for my husband and me, who eat the children's favorite dinner ("Don't worry, guys, it'll taste just as good cold for lunch tomorrow and, besides, we're going out for pizza later").

June 13. A banner day. Armed with a knapsack full of friends' orders and checks, our son leaves at dawn for the Tanglewood Box Office and returns hours later, having personally assured the success of the Popular Artists series. Our daughter gets her driver's license.

June 21. We leave for Paris, the kids and I. Poor Dad can't get away. Daughter rendezvous with a school chum who, I am finally



forced to believe, really has learned the city in the company of the titled and the famous. "Paris is definitely cool," she decides as they rush off, promising to take care of themselves. Son, an art history major, departs for the Louvre, all confidence in spite of a severely limited French vocabulary ("Don't worry, Moms; I'll fill up on le coca and you can order me a green vegetable with dinner"). I go off to the conference I came for, incredulous that the first time I sat in these still-familiar seats at the Sciences Po, I was the same age as the son I've brought with me.

July 12. Having been home just long enough to make sure that the telephone, the stereos, and the washing machine are all in working order, we drive back to JFK to meet Pascal, the nineteen-year-old son of French friends who will spend a month with us. On the way home from the airport, he tells us that he especially wants to buy records while he is here: a good way to learn English is to study the lyrics of rock music (sic).

July 15. Day of reckoning for the permission freely granted last February when our daughter called from school to ask if she might invite friends who'd always wanted to visit the Berkshires in the summer. There are to be six of them, it turns out, most arriving from the New York area. Their carefully contrived plans to travel together confounded by the blackout and the resulting chaos, they straggle in, one by one, each at a different local depot. By ten o'clock Friday evening they are finally all together on the Tanglewood lawn, scarcely able to concentrate on Mozart. They are beautiful guests. Their demands are small: one is a vegetarian, one needs a bed overlooking an electric outlet so she can sterilize her contact lenses, a third asks to be taken to the bus very early Sunday morning so she can get home for her dancing lesson. Miraculously, the weather is beautiful, nobody steps on a bee, and our hot water supply proves equal to the occasion. Two of the girls let themselves be talked into extending the weekend until Wednesday. Now they can go to Tuesday's James Taylor concert. And while they are here, they can look at a few campuses which will soon be looking at them and about which Pascal has heard so much in France. It is 98 degrees the day we drive to New Haven.

July 30. We are finally going on a family vacation, all of us. We pack two cars and

head for the Jersey shore. In order to show Pascal the New York skyline, which was invisible from the air the night he landed, we alter our customary route to New Jersey; but even on this clear day, from across the Hudson, New York is still invisible. And now we have to drive through Secaucus. "Yes, I think that a most remarkable odor," Pascal observes, with exquisite Gallic tact.

August 7. The shore is magnificent. All our guests think so, too. They keep right on dropping in, like the donuts in Homer Price's donut machine. The little cottage is so full of people, it takes me three days to realize there is no stereo playing. . . . It is all over too soon. We send the children northward in one car, while we take Pascal to spend his last American day in New York. It is teeming rain, but we tour anyway. We return to our car after dinner to find that someone has tried to steal either it or its contents. Apparently the would-be thieves were discouraged by the discovery that all that baggage consisted of a prodigious accumulation of dirty laundry or the realization that the car was wedged too tightly into its parking space to be moved. We deliver Pascal to JFK and start up the Taconic. In the unrelenting rain, the visibility is negligible and the brakes grow reluctant. The next day we discover that the brake cables have all but rotted through. "I think this old wagon has made its last trip to the shore," concludes my husband. Oddly, I find myself worrying how, when the wagon does die, the children are going to get all those albums to school. With a start I realize that it is already time to start thinking about those return trips.

September 2. Much, much company coming for the weekend. Jackson Browne concert. At the supermarket, the cashier remarks, "You teachers are so lucky to have the whole summer off with nothing to do. I'll bet you'll be glad to get back to get back to school." You bet your Blood, Sweat and Tears I am!

#### CAPE COD'S WATER

Last year in Harwich Herbert Andrews and his wife were ordered by the town to abandon their home. The reason: in the judgment of the fire department, the house might explode at any minute because of petroleum in the tap water. "On February 6, 1976, Andrews and his wife quietly packed their bags and moved out.



The Andrews were the first Cape Cod residents to lose their home because of contaminated ground water. They will not be the last," writes William B. Walker in "The Poisoning of Cape Cod" (Country Journal, July), a sobering essay based on a comprehensive hydrogeologic study by Arthur N. Strahler.

For one hundred years Cape Cod has been the quintessential American summer resort. For those who love it (and few are they who can resist its charms) nothing, but nothing, is better than the Cape. Its headlands, its tidal marshes, its white sandy beaches, its peninsular outreaches, its scrub-pine shade, the beauty of its rose-covered cottages and colonial towns, the bracing air, the pervading smell of the sea--all give a heady feeling of release and exaltation rarely experienced.

But time, and too many people, have exacted their toll. The subtitle of Walker's article is sufficiently alarming: "If present trends of water use, sewage disposal, and dump abuse continue, the Cape may become uninhabitable by the year 2000."

Succinctly put, the problem is with the Cape's unique kind of drinking water supply. It is pumped up from a "lens" of fresh water formed by eons of rainfall which sank into the ground in the shape of an inverted, subterranean dome whose weight pushed the ocean's salt water down and aside. That water lens is now being weakened by too much removal, and adulterated by the return of untreated sewage, as well as by the introduction of toxic substances--petroleum, DDT, dieldrin, lead, cadmium, chlorine, latex wastes, herbicides. Salt water has made inroads into the freshwater dome. Provincetown has closed its wells, gets all its water from Truro. Yarmouth has closed one well because of salinity, another because of herbicide contamination. A well at Otis Air Force Base which yielded one million gallons a day has been closed because of petroleum contamination. That was fourteen years ago; it is still toxic today.

Most disquieting, a well at, say, Chatham which gives pure water today may give petroleum tomorrow, DDT next week, and then turn pure in a month. Pollutants constantly circulate from one part of the water lens to another. It is like putting a child's duck in the bath tub with the tap running: watch it float to the other end. This makes reliable

water testing next to impossible.

We have become so used to environmental alarms that we tune them out. But the Cape in imminent danger is something else. The author's finely detailed argument leaves no room for doubt. "The outlook is bleak," he writes. . . . "In an effort to prevent a public health disaster on Cape Cod, the U.S. Environmental Protection agency (EPA) began a three-hundred-and-fifty-thousand-dollar study to evaluate different methods of ending groundwater pollution. The study will provide Cape residents with a list of options. There will not be many."

--CAM--

## SODOM II

by Michael Haines

"Sorry, Abie, not this time--I won't let You bargain with me or change my mind. I'm going to do them all, you can bet. And no more water--I won't be as kind As I was when I dealt with What's-His-Name, Or when I saved your nephew's family. ('Course his wife blew it--typical dame!) No, Abie, I've had it with their obscenity. They're all going this time--every one! And like I said, no more water, nor fire. I've got the perfect way, for what they've done--

What they did to my place--turned it to a mire Of muck and garbage and junk and stink: I'll let 'em smother in it! What do you think?"

"Well, I guess it's justice, but where's the mercy?"

I mean, after all, to kill them all--even me?"

## NEWSWEEK WATCH

Excerpts from Sarah Clarke's Newsweek Watch. The full version is at the library reference desk.

"Everybody's Search for Roots," by David Gelman et al. 4 July 1977, pp. 26-33. America's continuing fascination with, and search for, traces of its varied ethnic background.

"Women vs. Women," by Susan Fraker et al. 25 July 1977. Focuses on the struggle between NOW feminists and the conservative opponents represented by Phyllis Schlafly who object to the goal of the women's movement. Pp. 34-38.



"Living Together," by Tony Schwartz et al. 1 August 1977, pp. 46-50. The increase in the number of unmarried people of the opposite sex sharing a household indicates a socially significant shift in attitude.

"To Shrink a Scientist." 8 August 1977, pp. 35-36. In a conversation with physicist Yuri Mnyukh who has just emigrated to the West, Newsweek's Moscow bureau chief, Fred Coleman, discussed the nature and methods of Siberian exile to "Shrinkage."

"The Sick World of the Son of Sam," by Pete Axthelm et al. 22 August 1977, pp. 16-23. With the capture of the New York killer, more questions are raised over the motivation behind his awful random madness.

"The Canal: Time to Go?" 22 August 1977, pp. 28-36. The pros and cons of Jimmy Carter's decision eventually to relinquish the Panama Canal.

"China Ends an Era," by Angus Deming et al. 29 August 1977, pp. 32-35. With the grand opening of the 11th Congress, the Mao Tse-Tung era in Chinese history ended and Mao's moderate successors quietly squelched the zealous radicalism of his "perpetual revolution."

#### IN BRIEF

"The Never-Ending Wrong," by Katherine Anne Porter (Atlantic, June). The author's own account of her activities on behalf of Sacco and Vanzetti in 1927, with some reflections on her brief flirtation with communism during that time.

"The Energy Debacle," by Lewis H. Lapham (Harper's, August). Our National Energy Plan is based on a 21-volume Ford Foundation report published in 1974 by its Energy Policy Project under the title A Time to Choose. The editor of Harper's tells the inside story of how the study was conducted. Some prominent economists have called it an "intellectual disgrace," and the foundation is apparently embarrassed. Lapham applauds the goals of the Energy Policy Project but regards its results as a flawed base on which to build a solid national program. The members--technocrats, academics, and industrialists--reached no common agreement about the very real problem of energy and ended in irreconcilable hostility. No wonder that 49% of the people polled

last month by CBS/New York Times said they did not believe there is an energy crisis.

"The More We Spend, the Less Children Learn," by Frank E. Armbruster (The New York Times Magazine, 28 Aug. 1977). Soaring education budgets and declining student achievement have spawned innumerable inconclusive studies. "It is no favor to the child to push him through and out of school without the basic skills," writes Armbruster in an article adapted from his forthcoming book, Our Children's Crippled Future: How American Education Has Failed, a back-to-tradition treatise

"The Cost of Coffee," by Philip Berryman (Environment, August/September). Brief study of Guatemalan coffee production reprinted from the Washington Post, June 7, showing where the profits from increased prices have gone, namely, to the government and a small group of landowners. The berry-pickers are paid about \$1.50 a day--leaving them still in abject poverty, for consumer goods cost the same in Guatemala as they do in the U.S. The rich get richer, as the world worsens.

#### The Contributors

W. Anthony Gengarely, Assistant Professor of History, is writing a book on the post-World War I Red Scare.

Professor William G. Seeley, Chairman of the Physics Department, has been working on solar energy for the past four years.

Ellen Schiff is Professor of French and Comparative Literature. Her particular interests are in contemporary drama and ethnic literature.

Michael Haines, Assistant Professor of English, is a specialist in medieval literature and a freelance journalist.

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## LIBERAL REUNION

W. Anthony Gengarelly

On April 15, 1920, in broad daylight, two armed men robbed and murdered a paymaster and payroll guard in front of the Rice and Hutchins shoe factory in South Braintree, Massachusetts. On August 23, 1927, shortly after midnight, two Italian anarchists, Nicola Sacco and Bartolomeo Vanzetti, were electrocuted at Charlestown Prison. Six years before, Sacco, a shoemaker, and Vanzetti, a fishmonger, had been found guilty in a Dedham courtroom for the robbery and killing at South Braintree. Their institutional murder had been authorized as the result of one of the most controversial legal proceedings in United States history.

During the years between their conviction and the execution of their sentences Sacco and Vanzetti achieved worldwide notoriety, and their case became a cause celebre among liberals and left-wing political groups everywhere. The uproar was occasioned by a series of events which strongly suggested a number of judicial inequities. Immediately after the trial ended, information was turned up by the legal defense indicating that some of the prosecution's witnesses had either lied or been mistaken concerning identifications and ballistics evidence. On the basis of these discoveries, six supplementary motions for a new trial were filed from 1921 to 1926. All were denied by the original trial judge, Webster Thayer, who did not trouble to hide his prejudice against radical aliens. Following the verdict, he had remarked to a group of friends, "Did you see what I did to those anarchistic bastards?" Nonetheless, the Supreme Judicial Court of Massachusetts, ignoring such indiscretion, had refused to overrule Thayer on questions of evidence. Federal justices likewise were unwilling to consider the case. On August 3, 1927, Massachusetts Governor Alvan T. Fuller ruled against clemency for Sacco and Vanzetti. The governor's appointed committee--headed by Harvard University President, A. Lawrence Lowell, a class-minded Brahmin who cared more about the reputation of Massachusetts jurisprudence than he did about the fate of the accused men--had investigated the case and concluded that the two alien anarchists were in fact guilty.

For many liberals at that time, and for many years thereafter, the Sacco-Vanzetti case has symbolized the perversion of justice by fear and intolerance. Here, if nowhere else, is a rallying point for progressive thinkers and advocates, who too often have been cowed into silence during periods of political repression.

During January 1920, the U.S. government arbitrarily rounded up for deportation some 3,000 suspect radical aliens, and the Congress threatened to pass the country's first peacetime sedition law since 1798. Norman Hapgood wrote a piece for The New Republic admonishing his fellow liberals to emerge from the "storm cellar" and "give battle for those conceptions of freedom handed down to us in the noble English tradition and carried along by the great names in our own history." Few heeded the call, and the defense of liberty was left to a stalwart band of libertarian spokesmen who managed to stem the repressive tide with a combination of political skill and extraordinary good fortune.

The Sacco-Vanzetti case reached its climax when the country was prosperous and content. The affluence of the twenties mellowed the postwar anxieties which had given rise to the Red Scare, and the government's search for Bolsheviks and left-of-center adherents had long since been abandoned. Now secure, liberals protested in droves. Petitions were filed from everywhere, especially academic institutions. Prominent lawyers volunteered their services, and artists and writers joined progressive political leaders in special appeals and in round-the-clock picketing of the State House during the last, fateful days. Some entered the protest out of a sincere conviction that a grave injustice had been done. Others, like Fred Moore--chief defense counsel, 1921-1924--hoped to build a class-conscious labor movement through the acquittal of the two men. For either idealistic or opportunistic reasons, American liberals finally emerged from the "storm cellar," having discovered an incident where they might safely reaffirm their commitment to democratic values. The actual fate of the two aliens was, for many, incidental to more abstract purposes. Rosa Baron, "a dry, fanatical little woman" who headed one of the communist front demonstrations before the state capital,



carried the ulterior motive to its logical extreme when she responded to Katherine Anne Porter's suggestion that their efforts might save the lives of the condemned men: "Alive--what for? They are no earthly good to us alive."

The recent events in Massachusetts surrounding the fiftieth anniversary of Sacco and Vanzetti's death in the electric chair have evoked political passions similar to those which attended the original case. Governor Dukakis' July 19 Proclamation before the State Senate, in which he commented that "there are substantial, indeed compelling grounds for believing that the Sacco and Vanzetti legal proceedings were permeated with unfairness," has touched off a controversy involving the integrity of the Massachusetts courts, as well as the good name of the late Governor Fuller. Along with raising a mild furor, Dukakis has sparked another "liberal reunion," and I can see motives in his statement that hark back to 1927. There is an evident sincerity. The governor, as the Christian Science Monitor has pointed out, "has long had a special interest in and working knowledge of the Sacco-Vanzetti case." He was once a member of the Boston law firm which played a leading role in the Sacco-Vanzetti legal defense, and he is probably convinced that the two Italian anarchists did not receive a fair shake in the Massachusetts courts. But Dukakis has also been accused of gunning for liberal and ethnic votes. State Senator Alan D. Sisitsky, although he supported the Dukakis proclamation, has remarked: "If there were a couple of thousand cannibals in Massachusetts and he (Dukakis) thought he could get their votes he would probably make some gesture." So the idealistic and personal motivation is present once more, and liberal agitation boils up anew around a point of continuing historical controversy. But what does all this protest, past and present, mean?

I do not take issue with the Governor's Proclamation. The Sacco-Vanzetti case remains an instructive example of the way judicial and governmental institutions can be affected by intolerance. Yet, public gestures, whatever the motivation, too often fail to go far enough or to grapple seriously with hard political realities. Whether we like to face it or not, the two men about whom so much has been said and written are dead, and for them the judgment is irrevocable. It might be more to

the point to wonder, in the face of probable error within any judicial system, why people continue to support and condone the death penalty--the real killer of the two Italian martyrs, innocent or guilty. Here might be a good place for all that passionate liberal concern to coalesce into significant action and correct a prevailing injustice.

#### ENIGMATIC IRELAND

There is a joke (courtesy of philosophy professor, Arthur Sullivan). Q. What is the difference between an Englishman and an Irishman? A. The Englishman thinks the world situation is serious but not hopeless; the Irishman, that it is hopeless but not serious.

In the person of an anonymous Dubliner--pseudonymed, for his own protection, Sean Hewitt--who manages the trick of being both a Protestant and a member of the Irish Republican Army, Darcy O'Brien makes the joke real ("The Irish Paradox," The New York Times Magazine, 11 Sep. 1977). Witty and high-styled, O'Brien's essay flows like an elegant short story and raises questions which you know will rattle around in your mind until we are all dead.

Sean Hewitt, by American standards, is a ne'er-do-well client of welfare, a wastrel, a near-criminal, and a dangerous revolutionary. By another measure, Sean Hewitt is a student of civilization, a historian and philosopher, a passionate seeker after justice. Contradictions abound. Said one Irish-American friend, after reading the piece, "Yup, that's the Irish for you. They're crazy." Which goes to show how far the American Irish have come--or sunk.

--CAM--

#### THE NATIONAL ENERGY PICTURE

William G. Seeley

"The nation is like a man waking up in the drunk tank after an all-night spree."

Congressman Mike McCormick

U.S. energy consumption has been growing exponentially since the beginning of the century. In 1900 we used 5 quads of energy (a quad is one quadrillion of British Thermal Units--enough energy to run a city of one million people for three years). In 1950 we